

Clowns Aren't Scary as Long as You Have Richie

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Summary:

Eddie continues to fear clowns even years after their encounter with It. When Eddie falls into a state he's unable to wake himself up from, Richie comes to the rescue.

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A dripping mouth upturned its corners into a lurid smile. The yellow teeth peeked out of the darkness. A gloved hand reached towards Eddie's neck in the stillness of the night.

Eddie jolted awake, gasping as he pushed himself up from the floor, knocking his head against the wall. He blinked hard and rubbed at his head, nervously searching the dark room he was in. After a moment, he realized that he was in Bill's room. It wasn't slipping out of his dreams into real life. It was just tormenting him, thanks to his anxiety-ridden mind. It's been four years since any of them has seen It, but Eddie still can't close his eyes without seeing It every once in a while.

Eddie laid back down on the heap of blankets Bill had made for him, pulling the covers up to his chin. He inhaled shakily and tried shutting his eyes again, but the yellow eyes still danced across the darkness. He instead turned over onto his back and stared up at the ceiling, hand placed over his rapidly-beating heart. He knew that he was safe here with Bill, Richie, and Stan, but his shoulders, even though covered by a blanket, felt exposed to the gloved hands that belonged to the menacing smile etched in his dreams.

Glancing over at Bill's bed, Eddie still felt as if he was being watched. He ran a hand through his hair and decided to face the wall his makeshift cot was next to, pulling the covers over his head. He stared into the warm darkness, heart racing as his anxiety continued eating away at him. He couldn't wake up Bill or Stan. Neither of them knew about his admitted anxiety as well as Richie did. Bill and Stan knew Eddie was an anxious, worried person, but they didn't know that he still had recurring dream about It.

But Richie did. He knew nearly every quirk of Eddie.

And when Eddie heard the wooden floors of Bill's room creak, Eddie felt his heart jump into his throat. The creaks continued slowly and deliberately. Whoever the creaks belonged to—Eddie desperately repeated over and over that It wasn't here—didn't want to be heard. And as soon as Eddie's heartbeat's urgency peaked, the creaks

silenced. Clutching the blanket hard, Eddie hesitantly pulled the blanket down to his nose, peeking into the darkness, relief spreading through his veins when he saw it was just Stan.

But Stan wasn't getting up to go to the bathroom. He slipped out of his makeshift cot and slipped into the arms of Bill.

Relieved that it was just Stan, Eddie turned over quietly to face the wall again, shutting his eyes.

Yet Eddie fell into an eerie darkness once again. But this time, he couldn't push himself to wake up. His hands fumbled and tried to grab a hold of his pillow, but his rapid breathing made it difficult. Eddie seemed stuck in an abyss illuminated only by the neon blood running down his prior broken arm.

Lost in his night terror, Eddie didn't fully realize he now had arms wrapping around him. He felt his heart nearly explode in his chest when Richie's voice broke through the deafening silence.

"Eds, it's alright, I'm here," Richie whispered. "It's just a dream."

Eddie opened his eyes and turned obediently to face the boy that held him. It wasn't unusual for this to happen. Eddie often had night terrors, and Richie has been exposed to many of them.

"Thank you," Eddie whispered, looking up at Richie's dark eyes. "Thank you..."

Eddie nuzzled himself closer to Richie. It wasn't unusual that Richie cuddled Eddie every once in a while. But throughout the past times, Eddie felt himself wanting more than just comfort. He liked the feeling of being held in Richie's arms.

"Whatcha up to?" Richie asked softly, but he returned the favor, gently tracing circles across Eddie's back. He smiled curiously at Eddie, quirked a brow.

Eddie smiled and pressed his lips against Richie's cheek. "This. Remember that you tried it on me one time?"

"I do," Richie nodded, nuzzling Eddie's cheek. "But I didn't miss. You

just missed, Eddie Spaghetti.”

“Shut up,” Eddie grinned, leaning forward to press their foreheads together, gazing into Richie’s eyes.

“You missed... again,” Richie teased, reaching forward to cup Eddie’s cheek. “It’s like this,” he said, leaning forward to press his lips against Eddie’s soft lips.

Eddie’s lips tingled at the touch of Richie’s lips. He pressed deeper into the kiss, letting his hands wander freely against Richie.

Richie pinned Eddie, rolling on top of him. Smirking, he pressed another kiss against Eddie’s lips. “If you promise to be quiet, Eds, I’ll make you forget about your awful dreams.”

Author’s Note:

Shout out to @bucharestbuck for helping me with the prompt idea!